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Title: On the Art of Pizza

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The pizza is an ancient  
and commendable dish,  
but it is also subject of  
much confusion. Across  
Britannia, bakers and  
cooks seem to think it is  
simply a matter of  
slapping sausage or  
cheese on a disk of  
dough and baking it in an  
oven.

Pizza is not this. Pizza  
is  
an art. Pizza is a  
science. Pizza demands  
perfection.

As we begin, dear  
reader, you must  
abandon your  
understanding of 'pizza'.  
That label slips too easy  
off the tongue onto  
dishes unworthy of it,  
culinary anti  
dishes unworthy of it,  
culinary anti-virtues as  
opposed to a true pizza  
as Deceit is to Honesty.  
Indeed, you could cook a  
flatbread laden with  
ingredients by any  
number of methods: with  
rolling pin, on a campfire,  
kneaded for but a  
moment, and any might  
be called a 'pizza' by  
those who chose  
self-deception over truth.

But we commit no such  
sin, for we know well  
that  
true pizza is more  
exacting than the  
peversion if its name  
hopes us to believe.

To begin, one must take  
a pitcher of fresh water  
and an opened sack of  
flour, combining using  
hands and a rolling pin,  
to create a dough. This  
dough must then be left  
to rest for a day... dusk  
to dusk or dawn to dawn  
serve best as markers...  
so it  
might develop its texture  
and flavour.

With this dough  
appropriately developed,  
one must sift cheese or  
sausage atop the dough,  
and with great speed  
follow this second step  
with the last: with a  
skillet on must complete  
the bake. This is the  
most demanding step of  
all, that which divides the  
true pizza from the pale  
imitation: the heat must  
be wood-fire and it must  
be HOT.

As such, the  
'ovens' favoured by  
bakers must be  
supplemented by a  
proximate fireplace so  
fire-glowing logs might  
be shoveled to the baking  
surface. With heat so  
derived, in merely a  
minute (no more, no  
less) one's pizza will be  
complete, and properly  
worthy of the name.

A perfected dish  
demands perfected  
accompaniment, and this  
ought ideally be an ale,  
though cider and liquor  
may do in a pinch. With  
proper libations, a true  
pizza will invigorate the  
mind and uplift the  
senses, a worthy  
reason for the efforts it  
demands.

Let fools call their sad  
preparations what they  
really are, dear reader,  
saucy flatbreads and  
open-topped pies. Let the  
wise heed the lessons I  
convey, and dine well on  
true glory of pizza!